Akane and Her Beloved Magical Girl Family

This Story is set several years before Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

Five people were sitting at a table. A family gathering. Today's discussion wasn't going very well, however.

A lot of them looked grumpy, most of them barely wanted to talk. It feels like they all had their own opinion of the situation.

It wasn't always like this, but with this situation, it's quite unique.

The Fuwa household. Home to a single mother and four children.

The Eldest, Aoi, 31. A beautiful girl, she works as a clerk in a local Law Firm, often using her management skills to her advantage, not to mention her attractiveness. Something she's not afraid to utilize.

The second, Asagi, 25. A stay-at-home, she mostly stays quiet and reads books all day. She's also quite the lazy girl. However, she does have a love for history. Her favorite book is the *Roppou Zenshou*.

The third, Akane, 17. A high school girl. She is the head of the kendo club at school, and is a disciplined well-mannered individual.

The youngest, Ai, 13. A cute face in elementary school. She's well-known by the neighbors for her lovely smile.

Finally, the mother, Ayako, 52. The Matriarch of the family. Ever since her husband died, she's been a single mother, and inherited his construction business. She's strict, and demands the utmost best from her daughters.

Right now they're arguing, and Asagi had begun to lift her leg onto the table.

"Asagi, at least have some manners, please, we should listen to what everyone has to say," said Akane in a strict yet calm tone.

"*Weshouldlistentowhateveryonehastosay*," mumbled Asagi.

"If you have something to share, Asagi, share it with the whole table," commanded Ayako to her daughter.

Asagi sighed, "Of *course* Akane has to be the *law-abiding* one out of all of us, right?"

"I'm *just* trying to get everyone to see eye-to-eye," said Akane

“But whatever happens, *you* guys always get the final say ‘cause you’re older!” complained Ai, the youngest of them.

“Ai, we’re a family here,” said Akane once more.

“Nuh-uh! We’re a family, you say, but everyone else gets the pick and I can’t cause I’m too young!” complained Ai again.

“You should really stop trying, Akane. You and Ai will never get along. Always fighting whenever one of you talks,” said Aoi with a smile.

“I’m not trying to start an argument,” said Akane

“Alright! That’s enough! We need to discuss the issue now!”

A silence filled the room as Ayako, their mother, loudly exclaimed the command.

She closed her eyes and waited for all of her daughters to finish. Then, she began the conversation.

“So it’s no secret that we’ve all become Magical Girls. The question is how long. Akane, you were the last. How long?” asked her mother.

“Huh? Oh… It’s… 5 months ago,” said Akane.

Akane was in the kitchen. She was wearing what appeared to be an ancient Samurai uniform, complete with a giant Katana.

Nothing made any sense to her, but what’s even more confusing is the elf standing in front of her in the kitchen.

“So, what is this? Magical Girls?” asked Akane.

“That’s right. You’ve become a real Magical Girl,” said the elf.

“And you are?”

“My name is The Forest Musician, Clamberry. You’re one of the first Magical Girls here, so I’ll get to the basics before I let you roam,” said Clamberry, putting her fingers on her chin.

She grabbed a chair from the kitchen, “Mind if I take a seat?”

“Sure… go ahead,” replied Akane as she unsheathed her sword.

The Katana felt real. Akane had handled swords before, but they were usually bamboo swords, or well-crafted wooden ones for kendo practice.

“These are real?” asked Akane.

“As real as it can be. Use it well, your Magical Phone should have information on your powers, and a little helper as well,” said Clamberry.

Akane took out her Magical Phone. This strange phone that she received. Upon opening it, a hologram of a black and white creature emerged.

“Aha! So *you’re* the new girl, Pon! My name’s Fav! I’m going to be your mascot! Nice to meet you, Pon!”

“Mascots are here to help you in any way possible,” said Clamberry.

Akane opened her Magical Phone. She browsed it and found out what seemed to be her powers.

To be able to cut anything she sees.

“What kind of powers are these?”

“Powers that you gain from becoming a Magical Girl, Pon!”

“So why is it that I’m a Magical Girl?”

“Because you were chosen, Pon!”

“But Magical *Girl*. Is it limited to only girls?”

“Ah, boys can become one too, Pon!”

“Oh. But what’s the purpose of being chosen?”

“It’s best not to think too hard about it, Pon!”

“And what am I supposed to do?”

“Protect the world, Pon!”

“But my powers. They kill. I’m not a killing type.”

“Don’t worry, Pon! Your strength should be enough to handle any kind of human, Pon!” Clamberry smiled as she folded her arms. From the kitchen table, she spoke up,

“You should know that once a certain number of Magical Girls are reached, then the game truly begins.”

“Game?”

“Only one Magical Girls can be officially chosen as a real Magical Girl, Pon! There’s a selection test!”

“What happens to the ones that aren’t chosen?”

“We remove their memories and they return to their old lives, Pon!”

“Oh… okay then.”

“So, are you ready to become a Magical Girl, Pon? What’s your name gonna be, Pon?”

“My name? Hm… just Akane.”

“Your real name, Pon?”

“I don’t see the need to hide it.”

“Oh well, to each their own, Pon!”

After a while, Akane nodded. It seemed like she understood most of what she’s going to say. So it seemed like she’s stuck with these powers.

Akane also had to compete against other Magical Girls sooner or later. She didn’t exactly know how she’ll compete, but she knew that it would be to keep the abilities of a Magical Girl.

Akane had always been one for competition. She was raised this way in the Fuwa household. In kendo club, always the best. The Fuwa family is known for their ambitiousness.

There were rules to be established, just like any other competition.

According to Clamberry, you shouldn't reveal your identity to other human beings, and that you should always make sure to avoid contact whenever possible.

If humans spot you, they'll vaguely remember you when you go away. Still, the memory isn't completely gone, and it's like trying to remember a blurry face. They'll still remember various details.

If your actions were ever caught by the news somehow, you can't exactly change the papers either.

Therefore, Akane found it best to travel at night, keeping to the rooftops.

She'd learned how to best use her powers. Firstly, she learned that her powers had a specific way of activating.

Her Katana is the catalyst.

She has to first raise the Katana, then swing in the direction she wants the cut to happen. Subconsciously, the powers will know what target she wants to cut, but recklessly swinging the Katana can create cuts as well.

In addition, the cuts ignore distance, but is blocked by line of sight. Suppose you wanted to cut an object, but it's blocked by another object in front of it. You'd have to destroy the object in front of it first.

In the 5 months of being a Magical Girl, Akane finally understood most of how her powers worked.

For most of her time, she destroyed useless junk or things that people didn't want. Occasionally, she'd also stop a crime here and there. But crime was quite low in the city. Not that Akane minded it.

She couldn't wait for the competition to start. She wanted to meet others like her. She was excited to compete with them.

Like kendo club, they can test their strength against each other.

Akane headed home, but first, she reported to Fav.

"All done for today, Pon?" said Fav when Akane opened her Magical Phone.

"Yeah. Just one question. When do the games start?"

"The final Magical Girl is already here, Pon! The game will probably start a few days from now, Pon! I hope you're ready!"

"Ready as I'll ever be. How's Clamberry?"

"Out and about, Pon! She prefers to be left to her own devices. I wouldn't worry too much, Pon!"

"She's the only other Magical Girl I know, after all."

"You'll meet the others soon enough, Pon!"

"Alright, Fav. See you around."

Akane closed her Magical Phone, and climbed through the window of her house. Before she even tried to de-transform however…

…She heard voices.

Girl voices. More than one. They were coming from downstairs.

It's 3 AM, who's awake at this time? Her family's usually asleep. Akane figured that there must be someone other than her family in the house.

A thief? A break-in?

Akane decided that if there was a burglar, they picked the wrong house to rob, considering Akane herself is a Magical Girl.

She kept her transformation and stepped slowly downstairs.

To their credit, they were speaking way too low for a human to hear, but a Magical Girl had strong senses.

The voices were coming from the kitchen. There were four voices. Akane had her hand gripped to her Katana, ready for any trouble.

Then she spotted something.

Clamberry?

And 4 other fantastical looking girls. Other Magical Girls?

Wait, what?

Then Akane began to hear their talking.

"…Still can't believe it though. Akane?" said one of the girls.

"She has the same potential as all of you, so she was chosen," said Clamberry.

"So that makes *all* of us!"

"Indeed. I must say, an entire family possessing the potential to become Magical Girls is quite rare. Perhaps it's more genetic than I thought," replied Clamberry.

"Genetic, huh. So maybe grandma could've been one?"

Akane heard enough. She walked into the kitchen.

"Okay, can *someone* please explain to me what's going on?"

"My my, the whole family's here," chuckled Clamberry.

"Wait, are you guys who I *think* you guys are?" asked Akane, eyes wide.

"It's not obvious? Everyone here has been wondering when you'd catch up, Akane," said one of the younger looking girls.

"Catch up?"

“We were Magical Girls long before you showed in, Akane. You finally caught up to us, so yeah,” said another girl.

“I-I wasn’t the *first*?”

“Oh, just as a reminder. Now that every Magical Girl is here. I’ll be starting the selection process in a few days. For now, I must return. I bid you farewell, Miss Fuwa,” said Clamberry, bowing down.

The young girl bowed down as well, “Until we meet again, Clamberry. As for all of you, de-transform so I can tell who I’m talking to.”

Clamberry made her way outside the house, and as she did, the rest of the four de-transformed back.

Akane also did the same, of course. It was who she saw that surprised her.

The youngest looking girl de-transformed back, and she was apparently…

“*Mom*!?”

“What? Surprised?”

“Y-You looked so *young*! And… Your outfit!?”

“And what’s wrong with that? Your mother isn’t allowed to look good anymore? Is it my age? If it is, then it shouldn’t be a problem, since I’m younger when transformed, correct?”

“Yeah, but…”

The one who looks around Akane’s age was actually Ai, her youngest sister.

The other two looked nearly the same, but her mother looked the youngest.

Akane’s head was spinning. She can’t believe this was happening before her eyes. Her entire family had been a family of Magical Girls?

“Guess we won’t even have to use anti-aging cream, will we?” asked Aoi.

“We can actually do whatever we want in these forms, together!” said Asagi.

“I’ve always dreamed of being an idol, and now I look like one when transformed! Plus, look what I can do!” said Ai as she opened the window, pointed her finger, and blasted a large beam at a nearby mountain.

The beam caused a visible explosion in the mountainside.

“Hey! Ai! That’s dangerous!” said Akane.

“It’s an empty mountain, no one’s gonna get hurt!” said Ai with a smirk.

“Alright, we need to discuss the situation now that we know what’s going on,” ordered their mother.

That night, discussions didn’t really progress.

Akane had been trying to maintain the peace, but her head was still spinning from the fact that everyone in her family was a Magical Girl.

“Any suggestions?” asked Ayako.

“We use our powers to benefit the family, of course!” said Aoi, in a rather *duh, it’s obvious* tone.

“Wait, what?” questioned Akane.

“There’s a selection test soon, and not all of us will be Magical Girls in the end. What’s the point of helping others when we can’t do it in the long run,” surmised Aoi.

“Akane’s probably gonna get the victory. She’s way too diligent at everything to *not* get it,” said Asagi, seconding the opinion.

“I’m not just gonna give up my Magical Girl stuff! I wanna be like that forever!” said Ai.

“But wait, you guys. That’s not a good reason at all to use our power!” exclaimed Akane.

“And why not? We’re still helping people. Those people being our own family,” claimed Aoi.

“But using powers to gain an advantage on people…”

“Here we go again with Miss Kendo Perfectionist. Come on, you’re being given a chance to improve yourself for once and you’re *not* gonna do it?” asked Asagi.

“It’s not that *we’ve* been given a chance, it’s that *others* haven’t,” replied Akane.

“Oh come on, we’re going to lose our memories anyways, and then we can’t *possibly* do this again,” claimed Asagi.

“Why are you so sure that you’re going to lose?”

“Because *you’re* going to win, Akane. Whatever the competition ends up becoming, *you’re* the hard working one. *You’re* the disciplined one. Why even bother?” asked Asagi in a disgruntled voice.

Akane couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Was this really what they wanted to do?

“That’s enough! I will not have a Fuwa claim that they can lose. We are known for our tenacity. When the competition begins, then I expect you all to perform at your fullest, is that understood?” said Ayako.

“Even you, mom?” asked Ai.

“Even me. As I will most definitely not want to give up these powers. However, I do agree with your sisters, Akane. When given a huge advantage, we must use it, not squander it.”

“What about being spotted?” asked Akane

“We have a memory wipe on our side. We can compromise.”

“But-”

“The conversation is *closed*, Akane.”

“Alright, I get to be an idol!” said Ai.

“For once, you’re not the one who gets the last say here,” said Asagi with a smug.

The next day, Akane woke up after a huge headache. She couldn’t believe that her family was quite selfish enough to use Magical Girl powers for their own needs.

But maybe they also had a point.

Akane was always the hard-working girl, despite being the third child. Ai hasn't had a chance to prove herself, Asagi had already given up, and Aoi was rarely acknowledged despite being good at her job.

Her mother was also known to be competition-focused. If the Fuwa household is involved, you can bet that competition was going to be fierce.

In fact, Akane herself wanted to enjoy whatever this competition would bring, despite her opponents being her family.

Although her family may not have the best personality, Akane still loved them. They aren't malicious, just a bit selfish, like any other family.

It wasn't enough for Akane to hate them on principle, of course. She could never bring herself to hate them.

She just wished that they'd be a little more understanding.
It's also understandable that someone would want to keep these powers. Akane can't fault them for that. She also couldn't blame them when they wanted to improve their lot in life.

For most of their time, Akane had been the best out of the family, so being given a chance to counteract that was a godsend to them.

Deep down, she knew that they cared about her. Otherwise they wouldn't be trying to help themselves to begin with.

And she cared about them too.

But now the sun is up, and Akane headed over to kendo practice.

When she arrived, she wasn't expecting a crowd of people. Most people didn't come to kendo practice that much, not on a Sunday.

"Ah, Miss President!" yelled a student, one year younger than Akane.

"Huh? Oh, hello there," replied Akane.

“What’s wrong? You look surprised.”

“Oh, nothing. Just didn’t expect a crowd is all!”

“Ah, the Flower Festival is here, didn’t you know? They’ve got prizes for best flowers, best costume, and a lot of other stuff! So we’ve got some other people other than the club using the building!”

“Oh, that’s today? I forgot about that.”

“Yeah! So, see you in practice?”

“Yeah. See you in practice.”

Akane had forgotten about the Flower Festival. She quite enjoyed it, but she was just more focused on kendo at the moment.

I guess it couldn’t hurt to look around.

Walking around the buildings and outside, she saw the festival decorations and the competitions being held there.

There were even some cosplayers. She didn’t expect that there would be those in here. Still, it’s a big city, anything could happen.

Akane recognized some of the cosplay as well. Some were mascots, some were characters she used to watch, and some looked like her family’s Magical Girl outfits.

Wait.

Oh no.

She saw them purchase tickets to a competition it seems. With their unparalleled skills as a Magical Girl, no doubt they’re trying to earn some money by using their powers.

Akane sighed, and she went inside to the kendo building.

In the changing room, she activated her Magical Phone, and transformed into the samurai, Akane.

She rushed out to the crowd. With her Magical Girl hearing, she could hear sharper than any other person.

She focused herself on the participants area. She heard so many voices,

“Tried very hard to win last year, but no luck”

“Came all the way from Tokyo to win this!”

“My first contest! Wish me luck, mom!”

“You got this. You practiced weeks for this.”

None of them were the voices of her family, but nonetheless, it convinced her more and more that they shouldn’t cheat by using their powers.

So many others had fairly tried to win, it doesn’t feel right to use your powers to take that away from others.

Akane focused her sights on groups of four. She had to remember that none of them look like they’re over 30 in their Magical Girl forms, so she can’t rely on their normal looks alone.

Akane focused…

“…Got the tickets, Asagi?”

There!

While she knew that both Clamberry and Fav told her not to get seen by normal people. Here, she could be easily forgotten and mistaken for a cosplayer.

No way she can talk them out of entering the competition. She has to get them out another way.

Oh, she had an idea. An idea involving her own powers.

Still, she can’t brandish a sword out in the middle of nowhere. With her disguise, many people assumed it’s a fake sword, but a quick scan will show that her Katana is very much real.

Akane rushed out of the crowd. She walked slowly, though she could just run at a super speed.

Once she was out of sight, she jumped above one of the buildings in the area, and she found her family once again.

Akane unsheathed her Katana. She held it with two hands. This is important, she had to practice being accurate with these sword strikes.

Deep breaths, remember her kendo training.

Eyeing each of the entry tickets, she slashed them one by one.

One

Two

Three

Four

Perfect slices. Each one of them was ripped to shreds.

“WAH!? What happened?”

“They just fell apart!”

Akane then saw her mother looking back towards her, pointing her finger to Akane.

Akane merely replied with a wink and sheathed her sword once more. Afterwards, she jumped down.

Her family chased her, and caught up with her somewhere in the festival later that day.

“What was *that* for?” yelled Asagi.

“What?” asked Akane.

“You ruined our tickets.”

“Of course. No way I was gonna talk you out of it”

“We spent loads of money on those things! We had it in the bag!” cried Ai.

“And with my powers as a Magical Girl, I immediately prevented you from even getting a chance to win. Doesn’t feel good, right?” said Akane with a smirk.

“Akane… you’re a persistent one, you know that,” sighed Aoi with a smile.

Akane’s mother furrowed her brow,

“Well… If there’s one thing I can commend you, it’s your persistence at getting what you want. Like a true Fuwa,” praised Ayako.

Asagi grumbled, Ai pouted, Aoi nodded and smiled.

“So, Clamberry told me the test will begin soon. Why don’t we all just spend some time having fun as a family first, guys? C’mon. Let’s save the competition for later! I mean, we’re a family of *Magical Girls*! You can’t honestly think that’s not cool, right?” suggested Akane.

“*Fine*…” mumbled Asagi.

Aoi nodded.

“I get dibs on any food though, and can we stay in our forms please?” said Ai.

Akane’s mother nodded. “Alright, a day of relaxation, before the competition begins.”

Finally, her family is back to their usual selves again. Or at least, better than before.

It wasn’t a perfect family. They had their flaws, but they also had their moments, and they cared for each other.

Despite being difficult to deal with at times, Akane truly loves her family.

She wanted to win the selection test as well, but she wanted to spend this moment together with them.

Together with them.

That was the last memory.

How could she have known…

Everything went by so fast…

Everything was such a blur…

What happened…?

…Why were they gone?

…They died.

How long has it been? A year? Two years?

She remembered waking up in a hospital…

The doctors say that she had difficulty speaking, traumatic stress…

She didn't care...

Everything may be a blur, but a love for family is strong enough to break anything…

They all died. She needed answers. But who killed them? Who visited her back then? Who was it? What did she look like?

…A Forest Musician.